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Printer as Contemplative by Brother Antoninus

The W.J.Holliday Sale of Western Americana

by David Magee

SERENDIPITY
Notes on Publications:: Exhibitions
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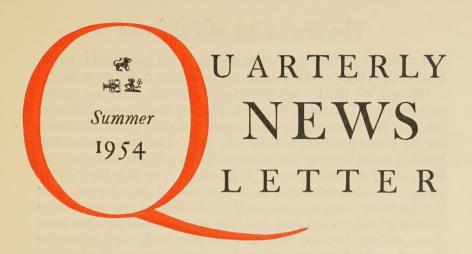
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Printer as Contemplative

by Brother Antoninus*

HAVE been asked to write about my life as a printer in the monastery, and I will do so by speaking first of the matter of motivation, as that is the source in which all endeavor is seated. Behind every venture of the press lies a generating idea. It is seen most clearly in the great contemporary private presses: the conscious Gothicism of the Kelmscott, the Renaissance splendor of the Ashendene, the chaste classicism of the Doves, and the Teutonic perfectionism of the Bremer. The outstanding professional presses show it as well. I think of the Puritan (not to say puritanical) absolutism of the Merrymount, and the exuberant versatility of the Grabhorn.

In the lesser presses, however, the unifying principle loses distinction. There is not the same purposive grasp of larger ends, the same generating conviction, nor the same sublime consistency. My own meager output plainly reveals a three-fold shift of intention, and this irresolution, this failure to strike through

^{*}Brother Antoninus (William Everson) is a distinguished exponent of handpress printing, and a poet of note.

to a central motivating concept, and once having found it to adhere to it, is most evident in the very changes of my press name.

When I left the Untide group after the war and took up my own venture, I decided to call it The Equinox Press. Not only were the equinoxes my favorite seasons, especially the autumnal, but the name symbolized vividly the ideal of balance, the natural leveling point between the extremes of the solstices. It caught up in my mind the humanist goal I had set for myself: to live a life of equipoise and moderation in the context of pure nature. The handpress was seen as a means of self-fulfillment; my aim was to write my books, print them and bind them, and at last distribute them; to forge forward through book after book, until across the span of my life I had created a spiritual and typographical edifice that would serve as the mark of an integration which the diversity of modern life has made almost impossible. That edifice would be the Equinox Press. In it I would attain what I considered to be my God-given destiny as a creative man: the realization of my whole self, which was, in my view—and I think this is true, as well, of most modern men—the supreme end of life.

My first book, A Privacy Of Speech, was, then, the work of a humanist. And though it was a flawed book, it was nonetheless a consummate attempt at perfection, perfection for its own sake, the sake of sheer attainment, which was the end of self-realization. But when I entered the Church, my values, the whole emphasis of my mind, underwent a rapid and profound alteration. I left behind the vision of a purely natural balance, and struck out for the super-natural extremity, the absolute attainment beyond all the limited attainments of life. I laid aside the work of my humanism upon which I had been engaged, and took up the first of the conversion poetry which was ready to print; and because I wanted to dissever myself from the psychology of my past,

I decided to change the name of my press.

My conversion had been much under the influence of the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi, and I decided to call my press the Seraphim Press, for of the hierarchy of angels the Seraphim represent the mystical life of supernatural charity, and are associated with the Franciscan Order. I had left the equipoise of my old life and was doing the apostolic work of feeding the poor in a

and to make a testament to the great things of my new discovery,

House of Hospitality for homeless men in that section of Oakland which bears, as it does in every American city, the grim and laconic designation of "Skid Row." Having moved my press there, I printed my second book, *Triptych for the Living*, the first of the conversion poetry, using as format the apostolic style of the primitive Church. Though again I could not resist the passion for perfection, which was a passion still rooted in insecurity, the book was badly flawed by typographical errors, and there were, as well, technical blemishes, the results of insufficient alertness or the deficiencies of skill which forever haunt the printer. I suppose my standards were unconsciously relaxed, for there were around me few people of perception, and the whole environment, the condition of grinding degradation under which it was made, was hardly conducive to perfect craftsmanship.

I entered the Dominican Order as a Lay Brother here at the House of Studies of the Western Province on Chabot Road in Oakland. It was the Summer of 1951, and in the Fall of the year I brought my press; we hoisted its heavy parts up four stories to the loft of the monastery. And as I turned in my mind the consideration of what work I was to do, it seemed to me that I must once again change its name. The Dominicans are associated with the Cherubim, who symbolize supernatural knowledge, and although no Order has an absolute claim on any of the angels, in the religious life one hesitates to adopt the insignia of another institute. Not only so, but since I had entered the Order to lose my old self-concern in the consummate life of a dedicated community, it seemed incongruous to me that I retain the individuation of my own press name, with all its private connotations. I merged it, therefore, into the life of the community, calling it St. Albert's Press after the great Dominican, Albertus Magnus whose name ennobles our house. I set about in search of some substantial project outside my own writing that would make a step forward from the books I had done; and I decided to attempt the first fundamental printing of the great new translation of the Psalter, the Novum Psalterium PII XII, which only within the decade had been given to the Church.

For it is a text which sooner or later must receive superlative treatment. As the situation stands today, it is the typographical opportunity of the age: for the first time in nearly two millen-

niums, the Psalter has appeared in a new official text. Thinking of it, in my first days in the monastery, so filled with zeal and enthusiasm, I determined to give myself, were the Order willing, to this great work. I was not unaware of my limitations. There ought to be brought to bear upon it the full scale and achievement of our accomplished world, so masterful in the elements of production and assemblage. It ought to receive the combined talents of the finest craftsmen of Christendom, and stand as the supreme statement of an age which knew how to value essentials. It should rise out of the oldest, most hallowed places of the Old World, out of Rome itself, and become the perfect flower of a great tradition and a great culture. It was no task for an obscure handpressman in a new monastery on the periphery of Christendom, on the last rim of the farthest westward migrations, no task to be begun without resources, underequipped and understaffed, and no way of knowing God's design to be sure that if once begun it could ever be finished—years of interminable labor, and who could tell what kind of years, in a century of wars which few may survive? Was this not a presumption, a fools' dream? Yes, the natural man in me answered that it was better never to begin, better to live the good life of the monastery, doing the common work of the monastery, knowing the peace of the cell with the writings of the saints and mystics. It was better to keep the peace of the cloister and not follow after these vain fleetings of ambition and pride.

But yet I felt that God had given me the vision of a great book, and I dared not turn from it, not until I knew He meant I should; and when my superiors expressed warm approval, I saw that it was the time to go resolutely forward. To me it seemed as if He had taken me out of the darkness of my ignorance, and led me to the handpress, and instructed me in its craft, and brought me to the Order where I might work, and then had given me the work. When I began tentatively to design the pages, they fell together with astonishing ease, as of something working beyond me. Do not misunderstand—I refer here to no supernaturalism; God does not have to be so obvious as that. But it was rather as if the confluence of the natural processes had found one of those rare intersections where everything converges to make something judicious and true, something unmistakably right.

This, then, was the manner in which I began the Psalter. It was a dream, a valid dream, certainly, but one not without a large admixture of self-consciousness and pride. It took the first two and a half years to reduce that pride from my heart, and this was done by the onslaught of a series of reversals that seemed intent on my annihilation. I discovered that great endeavors are not achieved by great dreams only. To print a crown folio of 300 pages is quite another thing than the thin quartos I had done before. Each sheet goes through the press twice as many times, and that, I discovered, is not a job for one man; but having discovered it, I could not turn back. Problem after problem arose to confront me. The extremes of temperature in the monastery loft made uniform presswork impossible, and, after a year's frustration, the press was once again dismantled and lowered to smaller but more evenly heated quarters in the basement. Also, the technique of damping paper which I had developed for the quartos proved enigmatically insufficient when applied to the folio: it took me that year, as well, to discover that the slightest overdamping made the sheet just limp enough so that it would not lie out true from the "points" on the tympan, resulting in variations in register; and then when damped subtly enough for constant register, would not hold its moisture over the final runs, so that on the third and fourth time through the press, shrinkage of the sheet had well set in, and register was lost again, a problem at last mastered by damping slip-sheets to work right along with the stock, and gingerly keeping the exposed sheet at all times under a damp cloth. Long before this problem was solved, a shortage of Lay Brothers had developed in the monastery, so that my original calculations as to working time had to be severely curtailed, for the essential functions of the house must be maintained, and that is Lay Brothers' work. Worse than any of this, I had counted on a reasonable uniformity in the handmade paper I was buying from New York as I required it, for I had not the funds to purchase a whole shipment at once, as I prudently would have liked; for, in handmade papers within a given "making," the sheets are quite even, but between "makings" when there is no conscious attempt at exact approximation, considerable variation might show forth, and this is what happened. I ran into a series of thin reams, and had to raise money and order

a special making from England to match the paper I had used, and this took precious months. Yet these were not even the major trials. Surmounting them was the excruciating adjustment of a convert of forty to the interior purgation of the religious life, a process mysterious and profound, called by the mystics "the dark night of the senses," which prefigures the more commonly known, and more terrible, but not more commonly experienced, "dark night of the soul" which may follow.

For it is only as a contemplative that the printer achieves true detachment from the challenging concerns that surround his craft, and which so frequently blight his work. There is in all great printing, as in all great art, the contemplative element, the mark of an absolute repose, a finality beyond the confluence of pressures by which it was born; but because the challenge of the world is so great there is often much else as well. As a contemplative, the printer will ponder the quintessence of the work he is achieving, and will patiently protect its purity from all impinging forces, seeking not perfection for itself, the end of merely human attainment, but rather revelation, the obscure beatitude hidden in the essence of all God-given things, which, if he is a religious as well, he seeks first in the direct oneness of prime contemplation, and as a printer he seeks in the judicious ordering of the complexities of his craft. It is not often possible of attainment, even in the monastery; the claims of the world are too great, the limitations of life too incalculable, the furtive revelation slips ever away; God reveals himself only as He pleases, and only to those of the most childlike simplicity, or of the most heroic discipline. But even so it is his endeavor, his search that gives the contemplative printer his unique vocation.

To understand how such an attempt is made I will explain to you something of the monastic life, for in these matters, as in all the great things of life, what is sought yields not so much to the intensity of our demand as to the general context of our lives. Thus, the whole aim of the cloister is to establish the environment, the context of prayer and devotion that will enable the spirit, unobstructed, to attain to its true end and final rest: the essence of God.

My day is simple. It begins before 5:00 in the morning when I rise and put on the black scapular of the Dominican Lay

Brother, and go down as Sacristan to make the final preparations for the great devotional activity which opens our day. The night before, I had laid out all the vestments in the color of the Feast, for there are many priests, and each one will say Mass, which means many altars to be prepared. The high altar is flanked by six side altars, and there are various others at convenient places about the monastery. Now, going down early, I set out the great golden chalices, placing the unconsecrated hosts upon the patens, and arranging them each under the burse and chalice veil. There is then the wine and the water to be poured into the cruets and placed beside the altars, and when this is done, a few moments of meditation in the quietude of the chapel before the community, which rises at 5:30, descends to begin the Great Devotion. For an hour and a half, the entire emphasis of the monastery is concentrated solely upon the Divine Worship. It begins with the chanting of the Hours of Prime and Terce, divided by a halfhour of silent meditation, and culminates finally in the Solemn Conventual Mass, the supreme event in the daily life of the monastery. The Dominican Order has retained its own Rite direct from the thirteenth century, and in the Gregorian Chant of the Mass, and in the intoned recitation of the Choral Office, day upon day the interior disposition of the house is established in the primacy of God. This recitation is resumed at intervals in the various Hours, and becomes the contemplative's great conditioning element, the thing he breathes, the deep, fulfilled, very basic, very intense and masculine intonation, the up-pouring of the whole aspiration in the need of God.

Following Mass, we file into the Refectory for breakfast, which is, in this house, as are all the meals, the same basic fare of people in the world; and after that, for the better part of an hour, I put up the vestments that I laid out the night before, placing them carefully away in the broad flat drawers of the sacristy. I then return to my cell to make my bed, and shave, and prepare for the work of the day. And finally I descend to the basement where the massive handpress abides, and having put in already some four hours of activity, I at last take up the tasks of printing: setting the type, damping the paper, rolling out the ink with the wide hand roller, or working the carefully damped sheets on the press. At 11:30, we go again into the chapel for the

chanting of Sext and None; then to dinner, the full meal of the day. We eat always in silence, listening to what is read aloud. After dinner we return to chapel and chant Vespers. There follows a period of recreation, when we may walk in the garden under redwoods and tall eucalyptus trees, beside the creek called Temescal, which winds through the grounds before it disappears into the storm-sewers of the city. If one chooses, he may take a needed nap at this time. By 1:30, we have returned to work again, and at 5:00 we wash up and prepare for the evening liturgy. We enter chapel at 5:30 for Compline, which is the last Hour of the liturgical day, and was meant to be sung just before retiring. But since Orders engaged in active work no longer rise at midnight to sing Matins, these, with Lauds, are "anticipated," chanted the evening before, a fact which requires the redisposition of the entire liturgy. After Compline, there is supper, followed by recitation of the Rosary, and the main recreational period, an hour in duration, where we mingle together, each category to itself however, whether Priests, or Student Brothers, or Lay Brothers. As for me, this time is combined with my daily stint as porter, answering the door bell and the telephone. From 7:30 to 9:00, unless I am night porter, I take up my sacristy work, laying out the vestments, and what time I have left I give to my spiritual reading. At 9:15, the community goes into chapel for the final time to chant Matins and Lauds, and at 10:30 retires; but one may secure permission to make a late vigil in the solitude and deep reflection of the chapel, which is, indeed, the crown, the final consummation of a full day; for here, in this depth of darkness, one ties back to his morning's Mass, and between these great and holy times, binds up all the concerns of his life.

This, then, is the context in which the monastic printer works, and into his soul goes the spirit of God, and the Godly point of view. There is not enough time, working alone, to make much of a showing on a big book like the Psalter, say some six hours out of an eighteen-hour day. And this dichotomy is what quelled me in my first two years, for I was swept up in my own ambitions and anxieties. I had committed myself to great projects and they had not materialized, and I flung myself desperately upon the handpress, and only exhausted myself until I sickened. For the deception of the religious life is this: it is really more exhausting

to worship than it is to work. Eight hours of work is normal, but even a few hours of concentrated prayer, of deep interior commitment, is, especially in the unformed novice, quite enervating. One must be trained to it. It takes time to learn the subtle deliberate pace of the monastery; you have constantly to relinquish, renounce the confusing claims of your own desires, strip yourself of your attachments and passions, let yourself be governed by the true interior climate of the monastic life, a climate of prayer and meditation sustained in the sublime conditioning of that immortal Chant, which has been called the greatest music of the western world. For those outside, it is a rarity on phonograph records; for us, it is our very own, it is the song we sing.

As printer and contemplative, then, one begins to regard his work in a wholly different light, seeing his pages as he never saw them before, gazing deep into the interrelations of type and paper, ink and impression, and the stilled balance of the pages, letting the full quietude of his mind, governed as it is to such imponderable influences, slowly assimilate the rich contingency of the printed page. Always before, there had been that hectic element in the insight that was the sure sign of his anxiety, his overweening concern. Now he places each letter in the composing stick, or pulls each sheet on the press, with a kind of relaxed detachment, and regards what he has done in the knowledge that God has done it; and since God has done it, he finds his joy in that utter fact, a joy detached from his passion and his will. Thus months go by. Years have gone by, will go by. He has lost the illusion of accomplishing anything. He looks at his pages and is serene before their imperfections. The worst he reprints, but not frantically, for whether one prints or reprints is now largely the

And how can I close this paper without saluting once more the handpress! For it is in its term that the attempt of the contemplative and that of the printer approach one another. Pull by pull, its elemental deliberation permits the full ordering of the depth of one's consideration brought to the problem of printing. Pull by pull, it establishes a method of working that is close to the pulse of a man. And a religious, a monk or a friar, may find in it those ancient proclivities that have made the monastic life so great a thing in the western world. Here lies the true power of

the press, about which we hear so much, and which we have come almost to despise: the specious propaganda of the spewing newspapers of the world. But there is a place for everything, and I have found mine.

And when God desires the completion of the Psalter, it will then be completed, in this I am secure. Soon another book will be begun, and in its own time completed. Already there is shaping up in the lofts of my mind the project of printing the entire Vulgate, a life's work, not in the high-blown enthusiasm of my earlier ambition, but simply because no greater book can be conceived, no more elemental text attempted, though that is a decision not to be made until the work in hand is ended.

But what will never end is the great life of the Order. When my bones are dust, and the handpress a rust-stain in the earth, that solemn majestic processional, the liturgical life of the Church in the seasonal life of man, will be going on. The Dominican Order is not very old; only 700 years. But soon it will be a thousand; soon, very soon, another thousand. To have formed part of it, as contemplative and printer, to have governed to its pace, been shaped by its spirit, enriched and fulfilled in its matchless joy, is to have been given the final realization of the craftsman's life, a life in which the two vocations are made indissolubly one.

The W.J.Holliday Sale of Western Americana by David Magee*

OR more than twenty-five years I have been attending book auctions, both here and in Europe, and by now I should have become case-hardened. But I haven't. I'm a sucker for a book sale. It doesn't matter if the auction is held in the cathedral-like hush of the Parke-Bernet Galleries on Madison Ave. or in some Tenth Street loft where you sit on a packing case and can scarcely see the auctioneer for tobacco smoke, the same high spirit of expectation assails me. It also doesn't matter

^{*}Staff writer for the News-Letter, and bibliophilic expert; also a book dealer.

if one's expectations are seldom realized. An afternoon or evening of rough-and-tumble bidding has been enjoyed. Anyway, there's always tomorrow.

A really big sale begets rumors and counter rumors. The W.J. Holliday collection of Western Americana, sold at the Parke-Bernet Galleries late this April, was no exception. I had arrived in New York in time for the Jean Hersholt sale (March 23-24) so I had a month of listening to gossip among the bookmen before the Holliday auction. So-and-so, I was told, was bound to capture such-and-such an item, for he had been given an unlimited bid... Blank was broke and not going to bid on anything.... But gossip and rumor have a way of fading by the wayside once the race has begun, and when the last of the 1200-odd items had been sold after three days of high (and sometimes extraordinary bidding) the soothsayers of Madison Ave. were conspicuous by their silence.

W. J. Holliday, industrialist of Indianapolis and Tucson, Arizona, had formed one of the most dazzling collections of Western Americana to come on the market for many, many years. The Auerbach sale (1947-8) contained many fine Western books, but they were confined mainly to the history of Utah and the Mormons; the Littell sale (1945), too, was in many ways similarly restricted. Holliday concerned himself with the expansion of the whole West, and his books reflected this to the extent that they embraced all eleven western states—and then some. His guide was Wagner-Camp's *Plains and the Rockies* and of the books both great and small, recorded in that bibliography, very few were

missing in his collection.

The star item in the sale was the Anderson Journal. William Marshall Anderson kept a journal on the trail and in the mountains during the great overland journey of 1834. Here is his day by day account of his life in the Rocky Mountains at that early date.

Included with it is William Sublette's notebook in the back of which is his account of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. It was generally thought (and the gossips were loud and long in their confirmation of this) that this important manuscript diary would go to an Eastern institution. Actually it was knocked down to Dawson's Book Shop of Los Angeles, acting on behalf

of the Huntington Library, for \$12,000.00. The same buyer secured the Narrative of Zenas Leonard (Clearfield, 1839) for the record price of \$4,600.00. Leonard was a member of the Walker party which, starting from St. Louis, crossed the Rockies and reached the Pacific coast in 1833. His printed journal is of great historical importance and considerable rarity. This copy was not a fine one, the binding being worn and text foxed, but where and when will another copy turn up? Only three have been sold, to my knowledge, in the past few years: The Littell copy (slightly defective) was sold at auction in 1945 for \$790.00; Edward Eberstadt & Sons, well-known New York booksellers, offered one for sale in a 1949 catalogue for \$2000.00, described as a "good copy;" and the Wagner-Jones-Lyman copy, possibly the finest in existence, was sold by me for \$2500.00. It now rests in the Bancroft Library at the University of California.

The next highest price—another record—was for a fine copy of the famous *Travels in the Interior of North America* by Prince Maximilian de Wied, which fetched \$3500.00. This book is noted for its fine colored plates by Bodmer. Although this was a very nice copy and contained a letter from the Prince to the English translator of the work, I think the price extremely high. Time,

however, may well prove me wrong.

I could go on quoting prices forever, but lack of space forbids. Here are a few of the high spots. The famous Hastings' Guide (1845), probably the best known of all the emigrants' guides, brought \$1850.00. It was not the finest copy in the world and the printed wrappers were in facsimile. James Carson's Early Recollections of the Mines brought \$550.00, but here again it was defective, part of the map being missing. This book, incidentally, is the first printed in Stockton, California (1852), and in original wrappers is of the greatest rarity. Clayton's Latter-Day Saints' Emigrants' Guide (St. Louis, 1848) was bought by Peter Decker, New York dealer, for \$1050.00. It was the property of John Taylor, one-time president of the Mormon Church, A. B. Foster's Gold Placers of California, printed in Akron, Ohio, in 1849, is known by only three copies, according to Wagner-Camp. An unusual feature of the book is the way the maps are printed. They were cut on slabs of type metal and thus appear with black backgrounds. The last leaf of this copy was photostated. It fetched

\$875.00. Another overland narrative of great rarity is Hewitt's *Notes by the Way*. The author journeyed from Dundee, Illinois, to Olympia, Washington. His journal was printed in Olympia

in 1863 and is known by only six perfect copies.

A Trip across the Plains and Life in California, by George Keller was represented in the sale by a very good copy. There are only four other recorded examples of this interesting little booklet—it has only 58 pages. It is generally believed that the bulk of the edition was destroyed in a fire that swept through Massillon, Ohio, where the book was printed in 1851. This copy fetched \$2600.00. The same price was realized for Gen. Thomas James' Three Years among the Indians and Mexicans, published in Waterloo, Illinois, 1846. The book was rigidly suppressed on account of severe attacks from the press, and its rarity may be gauged by the fact that no copy has appeared at public auction since the Braislin sale in 1927.

The various editions of Lewis and Clark were well represented. The best edition, edited by Nicholas Biddle, was published in Philadelphia in 1814. It is a very scarce book complete with the folding map. Holliday's copy was in original printed boards—rare in this state—but the boards were much worn. It brought \$725.00. Personally, I preferred another copy of this edition, bound in contemporary calf, which had once been the property of William Clark himself and bears his name and that of his wife on the title page. To my mind this was the bargain of the sale;

it fetched \$180.00.

Other important books and their prices: William Miles' Journal (Chambersburg, 1851), \$1300.00; James O. Pattie's Narrative (Cincinnati, 1831), \$1350.00; Reid's Tramp (Selma, Alabama, 1858), \$575.00; Aubrey C. Angelo's Sketches of Travel in Oregon and Idaho (New York, 1866), \$1300.00; Dundass' Journal (Steubenville, 1857), \$550.00.

I realize that in this article I have stressed the high spots and the record-breaking prices they brought. There were of course many "bread-and-butter" books in the Holliday sale which fetched anywhere from \$5.00 to \$100.00, some of which were bargains. I mention this lest the collector with enthusiasm and a small purse become discouraged. To have an interesting collection of Western Americana it is not necessary to possess the great

rarities. I know a man who collects the history of baseball in California, and he wouldn't trade his prize item, which probably didn't cost him more than the price of a couple of seats for the theatre, for all the Zenas Leonards in the world.

NOTES ON PUBLICATIONS

Three books are scheduled to be published this year; hence, the Club's publishing program between now and December promises to be an active one.

Taking them in order, the first title in point of time will be *Reglamento Provincional*, being a facsimile (with translation) of California's first book, printed by Agustin V. Zamorano at Monterey in 1834. An announcement of this work—and an order card—were recently mailed members. (Printer: Lawton Kennedy.)

Second on the list and due sometime in early Fall is a little item of San Francisciana that, we are convinced, will find a warm welcome on the part of virtually every reader. This is a printing, from the original manuscripts, of a series of nostalgic sketches in which Gelett Burgess, who was then exiled in London, recalled the adventure—literary and otherwise—he and a group of irrepressible cronies experienced here during the 1890's, including the founding of *The Lark* and several other little magazines. Further details on this project will be forthcoming in our next issue. (Printer: The Black Vine Press.)

The third and final 1954 publication—namely, the Christmas Book—is now well under way, and members will in due course be supplied with complete information. Here we shall state merely that the text will consist of the first printing of a journal kept by Robert Louis Stevenson during his stay on Mt. St. Helena in 1879 (from which he later wrote *Silverado Squatters*), and that the design and printing will be done at the shop of the Grabhorns.

The Aldus *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*, printed for the Club by the Grabhorns in 1924, and some copies completed with facsimiles recently, was over-subscribed; the names of the lucky winners were drawn from a hat at the annual meeting.

FUTURE PLANS

By the time this issue of the News-Letter reaches them, members will have received a letter from President Walter informing them that the Board of Directors at their April meeting voted to raise the Club dues from \$12.00 to \$15.00 per year, and explaining the reasons why this moderate increase—the second in the organization's forty-two year history—was deemed necessary.

It is felt that every member will realize that this step was reluctantly taken, and only because, due to sharply rising costs during the past several years, it was impossible to maintain the Club's activities at its present high level without additional revenue. Moreover, the room the Club has occupied for the past seven and one-half years has become badly overcrowded, and it is hoped that, when the present lease expires in December next, a move can be made to more spacious and convenient quarters, one that will provide urgently needed room for its growing Library and for the proper display of its typographical exhibits.

ANNUAL MEETING

At the Club's Annual Meeting, held on March 24, the accomplishments of the past twelve months were reviewed and the following members were elected to the Board of Directors for the coming year: Lewis Allen, Paul Bissinger, Miss Edith M. Coulter, Robert De Roos, Morgan A. Gunst, Carroll T. Harris, James D. Hart, Joseph Henry Jackson, Oscar Lewis, T. M. Lilienthal, W. W. Robertson, Albert Sperisen, Mrs. Florence Walter, and Carl I. Wheat. At the first meeting of the new board, held immediately thereafter, the officers who had served during 1953-54 were unanimously reelected; namely, Mrs. Florence Walter, President; Albert Sperisen, Vice President, and Carroll T. Harris, Treasurer.

THE LIBRARIAN'S REPORT

by 7. Terry Bender

In the course of the last five months, the Club Library has received gifts from over fifteen donors. Our collections on the subjects of printing, the graphic arts, and book production are growing particularly rapidly. Some of the gifts have encompassed groups of related materials. Others have been of a few items or of single pieces. All have been most welcome and are greatly appreciated. The Club Library is slowly developing into a good working reference collection with particular relevence to book production in this area. We are actively building small but representative collections of press books and finely printed ephemeral pieces. We cannot hope for comprehensive press collections, but we are acquiring examples of the work of historically important printers, as well as good contemporary work. We are interested in the productions of both the commercial and the private presses which are working now.

Depending, as we do, almost entirely upon gifts for our growth, allow us to turn this into a plea to both printers and collectors—if you have a spare copy send it to the Club Library. Through your cooperation only can we build our collections and become useful in a reference way to our members. We hope to bring you periodic reports on the Library's resources and most cordially invite your use. If you are looking for information or have questions in the fields of our interests, please feel free to write the Librarian or to come to the Club offices and examine and make use of any of our materials.

RECENT GIFTS

The gift of Mr. R. C. Southworth consists of ten books and runs of six periodicals. It is the largest group of material which the Club has received recently. The books include four press books which were designed by Bruce Rogers and printed by Edwin Rudge in 1925 and 1926: Modern Painters by John Addington Symonds, Skallagrim by Richard West Saunders, Roderico of Vivar by T. Sturge Moore, and Peronnik the Fool by George Moore. The other six books are devoted to the history and the processes of printing and the graphic arts and include Printing Today by Oliver Simon and Julius Rodenberg with an introduction by Aldous Huxley (Curwen Press, 1928); Typographic Treasures of Europe by Edward Everett Bartlett; The Officina Bodoni on the operation of the handpress during

the first six years of its work at the sign of the Pegasus, Modern Book Illustration in Great Britain and America which is the special Winter issue of The Studio for 1931; Modern Book Production edited by Will Ransom (Curwen Press, 1928); and The Decorative Work of T. M. Cleland produced by the Pynson Printers in 1929. Among Mr. Southworth's periodicals we are particularly pleased to find the first eight volumes of the magazine Print. These, together with our current subscription, give us a complete file of this magazine. Below are listed the other five periodicals with citations to the volumes and numbers which we have in the hope that some of our members may be able to fill in a few of the blank spaces. We are aiming toward complete runs of as many of these as possible.

Print Collector's Quarterly. Vol. 19, No. 1 (Jan. 1932) through Vol. 29, No. 2

(Apr. 1942).

Book Collector's Quarterly. Vol. 1, No. 1 (Dec. 1930) through Vol. 17, (Apr.-June 1935). These seventeen numbers or volumes are in an unbroken sequence from the first issue and may constitute a complete file.

Philobiblion, Vol. 5, Nos. 5, and 7 to 10 (1932), and Vol. 6, Nos. 1 and 2 (1933) Signature. Nos. 1 through 3 (1935-1936). This was edited by Oliver Simon.

The Fleuron. Vol. 7 (1930). Special edition.

From Mr. Norman H. Strouse of Detroit we have received a group of three press books. The first is another Kelmscott Press item, Tennyson's Maud printed by William Morris at Hammersmith in August of 1893 and bound in the classic white vellum with silk ties which has become one of the marks of the press, The second of Mr. Strouse's volumes is A Chronological List of the Books Printed at the Kelmscott Press, now in the library of Marsden J. Perry of Providence, Rhode Island. This little book in grey wrappers which was done as a keepsake for the members of the Grolier Club of New York is one of 800 copies printed at the Merrymount Press in Boston with typography by D. B. Updike. The third, and perhaps the most significant, of the books is the Psalmau Dafydd yn Ol William Morgan 1588 printed at the Gregynog Press in 1929. This is a completely Welsh book in text, language, design, and manufacture. The Gregynog Press follows the example of the Irish Cuala Press in being a nationalistic center and outlet for craftsmanship and literature. The volume is a large quarto bound in halfmorocco with a figured paper over heavy boards. It is printed in three colors with splendid woodcut initials in red and blue on a handmade paper which is watermarked with the Welsh cross of David.

From Mr. T. M. Lilienthal of San Mateo we have received a large group of books and booklets relating to the various phases of printing and type specimens. The items are too numerous and would require too much detail for individual description. Included is *Printing Papers*, samples from the Stevens-Nelson Paper Corporation 1926–1934 in a portfolio. This is a fine companion piece for the new Stevens-Nelson *Specimens* which we have just received from the company. Also present are *Klingspor Borders* (1931) which includes Marathon created by Rudolph Koch, a history of *The International Paper Company* 1898–1948, and the Continental Typefounders Association's *Typographica*, *No. 6* which includes advance specimens of new types designed by Frederic Goudy and the first showing of Lutetia designed by van Krimpen. Only a lack of space prevents us from describing more of Mr. Lilienthal's material.

Mr. Morgan A. Gunst of San Francisco has presented us with a group of three outstanding and informative book dealers' catalogues. Two of the catalogues are publications of "the missale's merchant", H. P. Kraus of New York —A Myrrour of Four Centuries (Catalogue 66) with bibliographic descriptions by Dr. Helmut Lehman-Haupt, author of The Book in America—and Fifty Select Books, Manuscripts, and Autographs (Catalogue 60) with many illustrations and reproductions. The third is The Man of The Renaissance, (Catalogue 22) of Leona Rostenberg of New York. Our collection of dealers' catalogues is steadily growing. It is now being given some organization and form. These three are excellent examples of the type of catalogue which we wish to acquire and preserve. They all contain a wealth of bibliographic information and illustration which will be useful to scholars, collectors, dealers, and prospective purchasers.

M. Pierre Donzelot, Services de Conseiller Cultural in New York through the good offices of M. Rene de Messiers, French Consul General in San Francisco has again presented us with a subscription to *Le Courrier Graphique*. This is the French equivalent of our magazine *Print* and covers subjects in printing and the graphic arts from both the historical and the contemporary standpoint.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip C. Duschnes of New York have presented *The Plantin-Moretus Museum* by Dr. L. Voet. This is a descriptive picture booklet about the

museum written by the curator.

Mr. George L. Harding and Mr. Carl I. Wheat have presented A Chronology of Twenty-Five Years, the Roxburghe Club of San Francisco, 1928–1953 edited by George E. Dawson with a preface by Carl I. Wheat and printed by the Grabhorn Press in 200 copies. The volume contains selected reproductions of ephemeral printing done for the Roxburghe Club over these twenty-five years. The selection was made by Albert Sperisen, Lawton Kennedy, and Harold Seeger.

Miss Rosalind A. Keep has presented *The Quaker Widow* by Bayard Taylor produced at the Eucalyptus Press at Mills College, Oakland, California. This attractive typographic item was hand set in Centaur type by Miss Keep and illustrated with a pen and ink illustration drawn by Kathryn Uhl Ball.

Mr. George A. Nelson, Jr. of the Stevens-Nelson Paper Corporation in New York has presented *Specimens: a Stevens-Nelson Paper Catalogue* (1954). (See the review of this volume by John Borden in the last issue of the *News-Letter*.)

The Portland Club of Printing House Craftsmen has presented *Early Master Printers*, a collection of xylographs and biographies of graphic arts innovators. This was published as a keepsake for the friends of the Portland Club on the occasion of Printing Week in 1954.

Miss Florence N. Power of San Marino has presented two issues of the *Bulletin of Bibliography* which contains the bibliography of American private book

clubs.

Mr. Sidney L. Schwartz of San Francisco has presented Judaism and the American Jew, selected sermons and addresses of Irving Frederick Reichert, produced

at the Grabhorn Press in 1953.

Mr. Harold N. Seeger of San Francisco has presented two volumes published by Johnck and Seeger. The first is a volume of poetry by John Burton, *Trackless Winds* (1930), and the second is a biography, *Arthur Putnam*, *Sculptor* by Julie Helen Heyneman (1932).

Mr. P. K. Thomajan of Carlstadt, New Jersey has presented *The Essayings of P. K. Thomajan*. This collection of Mr. Thomajan's essays was printed by Elmer Gleason at his Stratford Press in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1953.

Mr. Richard H. Dillon, librarian of the Sutro Branch of the California State Library in San Francisco, continues to present us with the current issues of the Sutro Library Notes for which we are very grateful. The most recent issue is Vol. 2, No. 1.

Mrs. Mae Helene Bacon Boggs of San Francisco has presented us with a copy of her unusual work My Playhouse Was a Concord Coach. This is an anthology of newspaper clippings and documents relating to those who made California history during the years from 1822 to 1888. It is a large book of some 700 pages and is richly illustrated with photographic reproductions of maps and documents. It was produced at the Howell-North Press in Oakland in 1942 and contains much with particular reference to the town of Shasta. Excellent Californiana.

Mr. Michael Litven of Oakland has presented us with two valuable California bibliographies. The first is California Local History, a centennial bibliography compiled by the Committee on Local History and edited by Ethel Blumann and Mabel W. Thomas. It was published by the Stanford University Press in 1950. The second is a Catalogue of Manuscripts in the Western Americana Collection at Yale University. This is a list and description of the manuscripts in the famous William Robertson Coe Collection, compiled by Mary C. Withington and published by the Yale University Press in 1952.

THE KEEPSAKES FOR 1954

This year's series on Early Transportation in Southern California has been delayed; it seems that scientific research does not proceed on definite time schedules, especially when camels are involved. As almost everyone knows, in the prefreeway, pre-multimillion car days of Southern California, camels were imported to ply the trackless wastes. And as your committee now knows, these humped-back immigrants were shy of the camera; the committee is searching desperately for a photograph, or even a drawing, of these beasts at work in Southern California. Help from members is fervently solicited. In the meantime, progress is being made in other fields of Nineteenth Century transportation in Southern California, and printer Grant Dahlstrom of the Castle Press is at work on the first group in the series of twelve.

The Keepsakes for 1955 promise to be particularly romantic and informative: *Early Wineries of California*, to be edited by that eminent authority Joseph Henry Jackson.

EXHIBITIONS

Currently showing is Seventeenth Century Printing, the third in the series of exhibits featuring the art of the printer, from pre-printing (manuscripts) to modern times. Unlike the two previous exhibits, this one shows the Seventeenth Century to have produced little of great importance. Indeed, it illustrates best the universal importance, per se and wide spread of printing. This exhibit includes

typical printing on the Continent, England, New England, Mexico, and the Philippines.

The fourth show, beginning on July 1, will be on the art of the printer in the Eighteenth Century. Announcement cards, as usual, will be mailed to all members and interested parties.

And speaking of cards, we think a word about them would be of interest. In each we have tried to convey some of the spirit of the early printer and, in so doing, we have asked various printers to contribute their efforts. For example, the first card announcing pre-printing and incunabula was designed and printed by the Grabhorn Press; the second, on Sixteenth Century Printing, was created by Jack Stauffacher at his Greenwood Press; the third, Seventeenth Century Printing, was made by Adrian Wilson; and the fourth, Eighteenth Century Printing, is being designed and printed by John Borden at his private press in San Jose.

STANDING ORDERS

The Board of Directors, aware that a good many members of the Club want to own all Club publications—and to be sure of getting them, since there are sometimes sellouts—has authorized a special plan by which members may make sure they receive books, slipcases, etc., as they become available. For the convenience of members, enclosed herewith is a reply card.

One important point: In cases where the Club issues a book at a lower prepublication price, those members who indicate they wish the automatic sendand-bill arrangement will, of course, get their copy at the lower, prepublication price, since a standing order to send-and-bill is an order in advance of publication.

DEPARTMENT OF EXPATIATION:

To the Editor: I have read with interest, as I do all the articles in the Quarterly News-Letter, the announcement about Aldus Pius Manutius and its reissue with a facsimile page of the Hypnerotomachia.

Your quotation from DeVinne about the illustration of the Dolphin and Anchor in the book, and Aldus' adoption of it as his trade-mark, and first use in Aldus' edition of Dante 1502 is a continuation of a myth repeated time and again in booksellers' catalogues—a myth which I have tried to kill by appointing myself a committee of one in order to protest its continuance.

One need only refer to A Bibliographical Sketch of The Aldine Press translated and abridged from A. A. Renouard, . . . and revised and corrected by Edmund Goldsmid, Edinburgh, 1887 to find the facts. Item No. 30 in this work is,

Poetae Christiani veteres, 1501-2. To quote the author, "This book is the first in which Aldus used his celebrated mark of the anchor." Thirty lines are devoted to this. Referring to a copy of Poetae Christiani, you will see the device on Recto of p [*8]. Further, the Poetae Christiani was issued June of 1502; The Dante, Le Terze Rime, Goldsmid's No. 43, was issued in August 1502.

The P. C. V. is rather a rare work; the Dante comparatively common which may account for the repetition of this reference as to the first use of the Dolphin and Anchor.

The above is a simple matter; but wait until you get responses from the experts on John S. Thompson's, What Did Gutenberg Invent?

Yours, PHILIP C. DUSCHNES, New York

BARTERS AND PETITIONS

A member writes that he lacks the following issues of the *News-Letter* and hopes that some member has these issues to spare or to trade: Vol. I, 1, 3, 4; Vol. II, 4; Vol. IV, 1, 2; Vol. V, 2, 3; and Vol. VI, 3, 4.

Perhaps other members wish to complete their *News-Letter* and *Keepsakes* files or pose troublesome bibliographic or typographic questions. If so, write to the Editor; he will try to set up a trading post.

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP

The following have been elected to membership since the Spring issue of the News-Letter:

Member	Address	Sponsor
Edwin J. Beinecke	New York, N. Y.	Carl I. Wheat
Henry C. Carlisle	San Francisco	Donald C. Biggs
Mrs. Ray E. Cronemiller	Glendale	Mrs. Elizabeth Downs
George A. Nelson, Jr.	New York, N. Y.	Lewis Allen
Roger R. Page	Redwood City	Mrs. Elizabeth Downs
Fred B. Rogers	Sebastopol	Oscar Lewis
Thomas T. Townsend	Oakland	Donald R. Fleming
Mrs. Harold A. Wollenberg	San Francisco	Mrs. Herbert Fahey

SERENDIPITY

WHILE NOTES of a purely social character are ordinarily excluded from these scholarly pages, we cannot allow the marriage on March 19 of Harold Holmes, genial Oakland bookman, and Hazel Schreiber, talented poetess, to pass without extending our best bibliophilic felicitations to the happy pair.

Californiana collectors who know Bayard Taylor only from his *Eldorado* or from his poems touching the West have a pleasant surprise in *The Quaker Widow*, recently printed by Rosalind A. Keep in an edition of 300 copies at the Eucalyptus Press, Mills College, Oakland. Hand-set in Centaur type, Taylor's Pennsylvania poem, *The Quaker Widow*, has considerable charm, a quality on occasion evidently not limited to the trans-Mississippi West.

WITTER BYNNER, an honorary member of the Club, in January was awarded the Alexander Droutzkoy Memorial Gold Medal at the annual dinner of the Poetry Society of America in New York. This award, established in 1951, is given annually for distinguished service to poetry. In March, Mr. Bynner called at the Club on his first visit to San Francisco in eight years from his home in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Members will recall that the Club published Mr. Bynner's *The Persistence of Poetry* in 1929.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS announces for publication in June George Davidson, Pioneer West Coast Scientist by Oscar Lewis. Having established the first astronomical observatory on the Pacific Coast, Davidson was for many years active in the affairs of the California Academy of Sciences and was referred to as "the father of western science." (\$3.50).

Order Now-Publication Date, June 26th

George Davidson

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by Oscar Lewis

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Beyond the Hundredth Meridian

by Wallace Stegner

Of great importance to all collectors of Western Americana is this accound of John Wesley Powell and the Second Opening of the West. While Powell's most dramatic achievement was his expedition to descend the Green and Colorado Rivers throughout all their canyons, including the Grand Canyon, millions are today benefiting from his establishment of the Geological Survey and the Bureau of American Ethnology.

Wallace Stegner needs no introduction to a California audience and Bernard DeVoto has contributed an enthusiastic introduction to Mr. Stegner's book, published by Houghton Mifflin. The price: \$6.50 plus 23c tax in San Francisco, 20c elsewhere in California. Please send

your order to:

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470 Post Street, San Francisco 2 Telephone EXbrook 2-4229

A few of the books we purchased while we attended the W. J. Holliday Sale to add to our fine large stock of Western Americana:

Joel Palmer's *Journal*, 1847, in original printed wrappers. First issue.

Palou's Serra, Mexico, 1787.

Duflot de Mofras' Exploration...de l'Oregon, 2 vols., and Atlas, Paris, 1844.

Duniway's Captain Gray's Company, Portland, 1859. Presentation copy of Ide's Conquest of California, 1880. Slater's Fruits of Mormonism, Coloma, 1851.

John Howell-Books

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